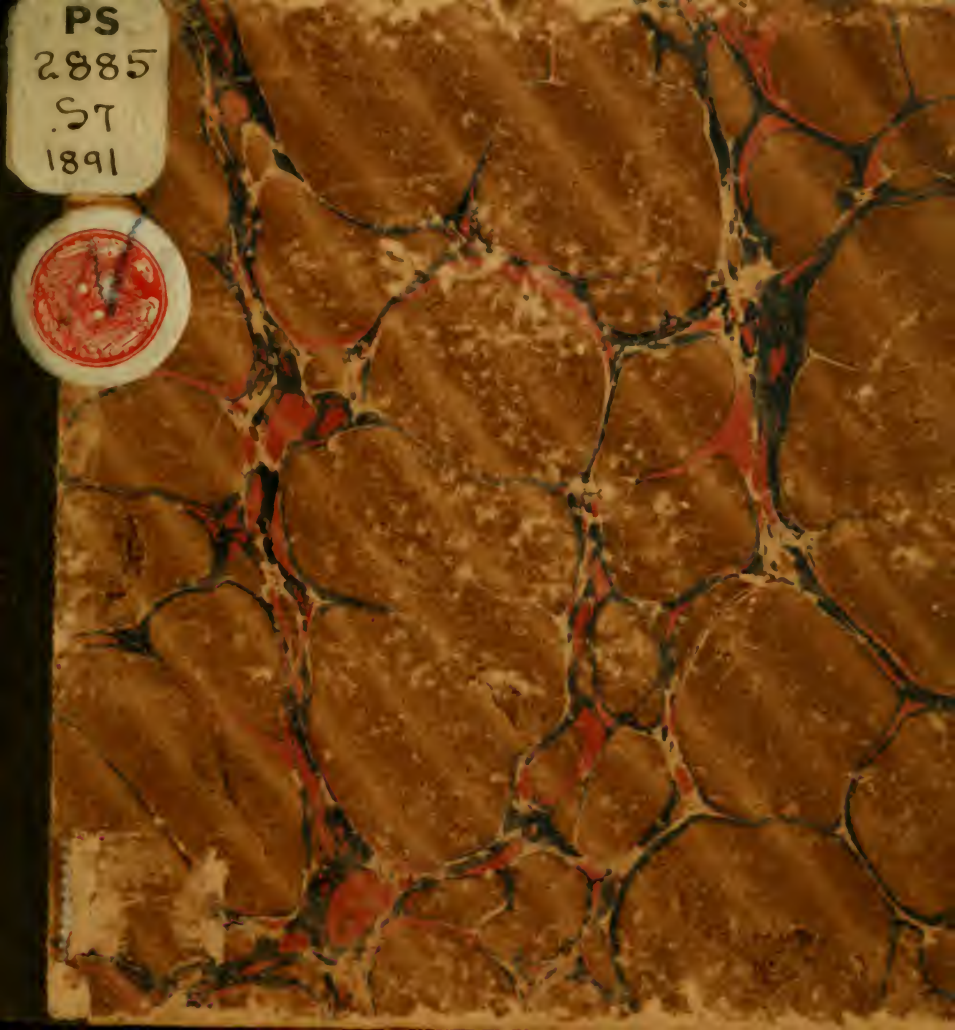
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A Carolina Bourbon.



A Carolina Bourbon

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RIDICULOUS to some may seem
This relic of the old *régime*,
So rudely wakened from his dream
Of high ambition.
A heart of nature's noblest mould,
By honor tempered and controlled—
Oh! look not in a soul so bold
For mock contrition.

FOR, when the die of war was cast,
And through the land the bugle blast
Called all to arms, from first to last,
For Carolina;
Careless of what might be his fate,
He gave his all to save the State;
He thought, thinks now, (strange to relate,)
No cause diviner.

OF NAME and lineage proud, he bore
The character 'mongst rich and poor
Which marks now, as in days of yore,
The Huguenot.
Two hundred slaves were in his train;
Six thousand acres' broad domain;
(His ancestors in fair Touraine
Had no such lot.)

HE FEARED and worshipped God; and then
Women, for whom, with tongue and pen,
He used all safeguards in his ken
Without pretence.
Fearless of men as old John Knox,
He practiced customs heterodox,
Believing duels women's rocks
Of strong defence.



E LOVED and wooed in early days;
She died. And he her memory pays
The highest tribute. For, with ways
And views extreme,
He 'gainst stern facts and common sense,
To the whole sex (to all intents)
Transferred the love and reverence
Of life's young dream.

PERHAPS too easy life he led—
Four hours afield and ten abed,
His other time he talked and read,
Or else made merry
With many a planter friend to dine,
His health to drink in fine old wine—
Madeira, which thrice crossed the line
And gold-leaf sherry.

AND HERE was mooted many a day,
The question on which each *gourmet*
Throughout the parish had his say;
Which is the best,
Santee or Cooper River bream?
Alas! the evening star grew dim,
Ere any guest agreed with him,
Or he with guest.

* * * * *

THE war rolled on; and many a friend
And kinsman whom he helped to send
Our home and country to defend,
Home ne'er returned.
What harder lot could now befall!
Threats could not bend nor woes appall;
Unmoved, he saw his father's hall
To ashes burned.

AND NOW, to live within his means,
He dons his gray Kentucky jeans;
(His dress in other times and scenes
Was *drap d'été*.)
His hat is much the worse for wear,
His shoes revamped from year to year,
For calf-skin boots are all too dear,
We hear him say.

SO LIFE drags on as in a trance;
No *émigré* of stricken France,
No Jacobite of old romance,
Of sterner mould.
His fortune gone, his rights denied,
For him the Federal Union died
When o'er Virginia's line the tide
Of battle rolled.

* * * * *



OYAL je serai durant ma vie;
So runs his motto, and naught cares he
For the nation that rules o'er land and sea
And tops the world.
Under the shadow he lives and waits,
'Till the angels open the pearly gates,
For his hopes went down with the Southern States,
And the flag that's furled.

Yates Snowden.

PUBLISHED WITH CONSENT OF THE AUTHOR AND SOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL BUILDING FUND.

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